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## SONG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

SIR,

The following Song, fraught with national sentiments and feeling, was inspired by the welcome return of peace. We trust it possesses such intrinsick merit, that its spirit has not evaporated in the course of a few months. We hope it may be as grateful to your readers generally, as it has been to the circle of the author's friends. By giving it a place in your Journal you will greatly oblige,

Yours, &amp;c.

C.

LET hymns of thanksgiving to Heaven arise,  
 For the Demons of war cease to mutter their thunder,  
 The sword in its scabbard now harmlessly lies,  
 No more doom'd to part ties of friendship asunder ;  
 The captive, in vain,  
 No more clanks his chain,  
 But flies to his country and kindred again ;  
 Then huzza ! let our banners float proudly unfurl'd,  
 Lo ! the full orb of Peace now illumines the world.

No more shall the parent lament for his child,  
 The eye of the orphan shall brighten with pleasure,  
 For friendship and love in our vallies have smil'd,  
 And plenty luxuriant diffuses her treasure.  
 Fair Commerce shall leap  
 From oblivion's sleep,  
 And spreading her pinions shall fly on the deep.  
 Then huzza, &c.  
 For, &c.

While thus in thanksgiving our tongues we employ,  
 Let us think of the heroes with heart-felt emotion,  
 Who fell in defence of the rights we enjoy,  
 And whose life-blood now stains the dark wave of the ocean.  
 Columbia, thy pride,  
 Was torn from thy side,  
 When shrouded in glory they fearlessly died ;  
 For ages the laurel shall flourish and bloom,  
 As it clings to the cypress, that waves o'er their tomb.

Columbia, arise, swell the pæan again !

May the spirit of party take wing from thy borders,

May discord subside, and our land shall remain,

Undefac'd, unpolluted by hostile marauders !

Round Liberty's tree

United we'll be,

And show to mankind we're resolv'd to be free.

Then huzza ! let our banners float proudly unfurl'd,

Lo ! the full orb of Peace now illumines the world.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

SIR,

I enclose an exquisite little Poem, by SADOLET, on the Statue of LAOCOON. It has been rarely published, and its insertion in your Journal may gratify that taste for the fine arts, which seems to be dawning among us. If you think that the translation accompanying it will give pleasure to those of your readers, who cannot enjoy the original, it is at your service.

JACOBI SADOLETI CARMEN DE STATUA LAOCOONTIS.

Ecce alto terræ e cumulo, ingentisque ruinæ

Visceribus, iterum *reducem*\* longinqua reduxit

Laocoönta dies : aulis regalibus olim

Qui stetit, atque tuos ornabat, Tite, penates.

Divinæ simulachrum artis, nec docta vetustas

Nobilius spectabat opus ; nunc celsa revisit

Exemptum tenebris redivivæ mænia Romæ.

Quid primum summumve loquar ? miserumne parentem

Et prolem geminam ? an sinuatos flexibus angues

Terribili aspectu ? caudasque irasque draconum,

Vulneraque, et veros, saxo moriente, dolores ?

Horret ad hæc animus, mutaque ab imagine pulsat

Pectora, non parvo pietas commixta tremori.

Prolixum bini spiris glomerantur in orbem

Ardentes colubri, et sinuosis orbibus errant,

Ternaque multiplici constringunt corpora nexu,

\* *reducem* : better perhaps *in lucem*.